

The God and the abdal,  
part 2

But a God is a God is a God.

So our God composed Himself quickly, and approached the Gate abdal to recover His confiscated possessions.

The abdal (with the affection of a comrade) says, "Well, sire, how did it go?" The God responds, "Not bad, not bad at all! Baba said I can come again any time!"

The abdal (with envious wonderment) "Is that so?"

"Of course; just one more little assignment and I am done! Ah, then I am with Baba permanently!"

"Is that so?" The abdal was a bit concerned. Abdals must have a 62% Indian mind, some Jewish mind, a bit Irish in there somewhere, and add a bit of Spanish

brains for the taste. Oh and, of course, 30% of Hebron mind. You know, the city where Lord Abraham bought that plot to bury His wife. They sold Him a quarter of an acre for 400 silver coins!

(How do I know about abdals' qualifications? I managed to steal Upasni's manual for the training of abdals, from His back pocket, it is all written there. Well you would exactly just go and ask him, would you? So easy you say? If so, where is the fun?)

To make a long story short, our shrewd abdal felt that our God tells the truth, but not the whole truth. So he didn't trust this God completely as he did with all the others.

The God: "You know, as buddies from many wars, I would like to offer you a wonderful business proposition!"

The abdal was of course immediately interested, "Really? What is it?"

The God: "How about switching positions, I feel like playing a Gate abdal for a change, and you can be the God of my universe!"

The abdal was quite taken aback. "How is it possible? I am not God Realized!"

"I can make you God realized in an instant. I am a God!"

"Yes, I know you are, but what Upasni is going to say about this? The Sai said that I must return to Earth before I can receive God Realization. But you know that this Gate thing is a great deal for me! Twice a day I see Baba's face, when He comes to His Court, and when He goes to sleep. So what else do I need?"

"Yes, this is wonderful indeed, but what about being a God, as you deserve? Being worshipped by the entire universe, your pictures are hanging in every house. You can punish and reward as you wish, and to top it all off, I have the best chain of shopping malls in the entire universes! Last year we were

awarded first prize in the all-universal competition! We have better profits than Bill Gates!”

“Is that so?” Wondered the abdal, “So why do you wish to discard all this?”

“I don’t feel that you were properly rewarded for losing your guts to me in battle!”

“Yes, sire, but it was due to your error in attacking the wrong Russian position!”

“Exactly! That’s why I want to make it up to you!”

Now the abdal remembered well the demeanor of his former major, who absolutely never had any concern for his orderly soldiers.

“Your holiness”, now our abdal really got the point, “I must first consult the Sai!”

“The Sai is a God just the same as I am. Don’t you trust me?”

The abdal thought about his spilled guts. “Your Holiness, more Gods arrived to see Baba! I must attend to them!”

The God left the Gate, and soon he came to the Heavenly Gardens, where the abdals raise those wonderful flowers that decorate Baba’s Court.

To call them \*flowers\* is misrepresentation. Our worldly flowers are no more but the seventy-seventh shadow of the heavenly flowers, which are actually stars and suns. So, just imagine getting up in the morning, and this little sun is beaming at you from the pot on the windowsill!

There were many small garden beds, and each square with planted flowers, if we can call such amazing things flowers. They were sort of sparkling objects, some look like shimmering stars, reflecting all kinds of colors which humans have never seen, some of the flowers have smiling eyes, some laugh while

singing Meher’s name. They were flowing and dancing to heavenly tunes as if by a mysterious breeze:

Some say that they  
have never seen such as I  
but, what only matters to me  
is how I reflect in His eye  
And so soon now  
I will be brought  
put round His neck  
and, with luck will be caught  
In the tangle of  
the most fragrant curl  
and melt at once  
and become one with my world

For all my sparkle  
For all my shine  
Has nothing to do with me  
But has all to do with mine,  
Dearest Beloved, whose birthday  
is drawing so near  
and if put in that garland  
perhaps close to His ear  
I can snuggle in and whisper  
knowing He'll hear  
"I've come my Beloved.  
I'm finally here."

"Good day!" The God greeted the Garden abdal, "How are you doing today?"  
The abdal rushed over immediately in order to show respect for the God, "I  
am

doing just fine, your  
Holiness!"

"Very good! Let's be less formal! We are friends!"

"Yes, your Holiness!"

"What are you up to today?"

"I am preparing flowers for Baba's Birthday, your Holiness!"

"Yes, sure, I can see. Oh, my goodness! Where else can we see such splendor?  
How wonderful, you make Baba so happy!"

"Yes, sure, your Holiness, just take a peek at this bed, look at the new  
flowers I concocted for Mehera!"

"Really amazing! Throughout my entire universe I have never seen such  
beauty! But let's be honest, don't you think you deserve a little bit more?"

"What do you mean, your Holiness?"

"Don't be formal with me! Just call me God! We are friends! All the same  
before Baba!"

"Yes, your Holiness."

"How about this, I'll work here instead of you, and you will have my  
universe, with plenty of flowers to water!"

The abdal was greatly mystified. He'd never heard that a God wanted to be an  
abdal. "Your Holiness, I... I... am.. not.. sure", he mumbled. "I am  
not God Realized yet, how can I run a universe without a Universal Mind?"

"Don't you worry! I am your friend and I will make you God Realized in no  
time!"

"But what the Sai is going to say about this? I am not on the queue yet."

"Why all are so worried about the Sai?!?! Aren't there more Gods in the

universe besides the Sai?”

“Yes, your Holiness, but you know, the Sai is...”

“A God. Just like me. I have the authority to grant God Realization as well. You will enjoy my universe, trust me, plenty of sparkling suns, planets of roses, planets of daffodils, planets with all kinds of hibiscus, planets with shrubs of all colors, you can really enjoy my gardens, and of course, each time you come to see Baba, as all Gods do, you can bring Him a carpet made of all our wonderful flowers.”

“Yes your holiness, but I have plenty of flowers right here, why should I go so far?”

“Your Holiness, your Holiness! I told you, we are friends! I do think you need a change in life, be a God, your picture will be displayed everywhere, a whole universe will adore only you!”

“And how often would I see Baba?”

“Well, I think whenever you need to!”

“But I now see Baba daily. Can you guarantee that I’ll see Him at least weekly?”

“Well, if you will take care of Godly obligations properly, who knows!”

“Your Holiness, when was the last time before today that you saw Baba?”

“I think, you know, lets see; well, it was a while ago!”

“Is that so?” Our abdal became suspicious; “A while ago when, your Holiness?”

“It was five million years ago”.

And our abdal just walked away, singing a little song for himself.

Just before our God was walking towards the elevator, which would take him down to the terminal leading to his universe, he saw a little hut. “Such a hut in Heaven?” wondered the God. It was a simple wooden hut with straw roof, with one door, one window and one chimney.

“Knock, knock...”

“Who is there?” Answered a \*female\* voice.

Our God was greatly surprised. Women in heaven? Ah, this heaven is becoming interesting!

“I am a God and I was wondering what a simple hut is doing on the premises of Heaven?”

The door was opened. As soon as the door started to move on its squeaky hinges, a tremendous, dazzling beam of light gushed out, blinding the God. A woman came out of the door and looked curiously at the God; she was, most likely, the most gorgeous woman he ever seen.

“Are you a female abdal?” questioned the God, looking down at her skirt.

“Yes, your holiness, there are also women abdals”.

“Abdalit, you mean. A female abdal in Hebrew would be named abdalit. What

is it that you are up to? What is this dazzling light in your little hut?"  
The abdalit opened the door, and the God looked inside. His eyes came across the most stunning crystal he had ever seen. A huge crystal which was shaped like an altar, and on top of it rested two shoes, if you can call these things \*shoes\*. They were sparkling miniature universes, made of suns, planets and moons, all rolling and rotating, sweetly singing celestial songs:

Oh what a joyous fate is ours  
formed from planets, moons and stars  
to be place around dear Mehera's toes  
traversing those blessed places she goes

Frequenting her Lover's feet  
They two embracing when they meet  
sharing tales with His sandals gold  
Beloved's Beloved, her feet we'll hold!

"What are these?!" Exclaimed the God in wonderment.  
"I am weaving shoes for Mehera, your Holiness", said the abdalit, "I pick from each universe, the most beautiful sun or planet or moon, and then I mold the ones I've picked into the form of new shoes for Mehera".  
"Are you weaving shoes from stars and moons and planets for Mehera?!"  
"Yes,  
your Holiness, that's the way I do it."  
Without much ado, our God prostrated himself before the abdalit "Please, please! Take me and my universe and make us into shoes for Mehera!"

But what happened, I simply don't know how to say . Well I am very respectful concerning Gods, as you well know, so I must describe this tangible scene very discreetly. What happened.....well, when the God prostrated himself before the abdalit, uh...um... how shall I say it? Well His heavenly gown was so light and His bow was so deep that His gown flew up around His face . The abdalit checked the prostrated God with a long stare and a very deep sigh.  
She finally said, "I am sorry your Holiness, you are a male God. I can use only female deities for Mehera's shoes. "

Etzion Becker 2001-03-31

Poems by Margaret James

28 Baba Points granted to Laurie for her help. As per Margaret, it is between her and Mehera. Because I have a male form, I cannot grant Mehera points.